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THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.

"This loaf won't do; it's not full weight—give me that one in the window."
"Ala!" said the pretty Catalina, with an indignant toss of her rich nut brown locks. "Ma! why do you suffer me to be insulted by these low vulgar wretches, who expect me to attend to all their insolent whims as if I was their servant. I will not assist in the shop at all, I declare."

The fond and patient mother endeavored to smooth the offended pride of her petted child, and hastened to change the objectionable loaf. The purchaser was a tall, but back bent, thin and shriveled man, in a suit of rusty black; his dark eyes sparkled beneath his gray and bushy brows, and his very pale, thin lips, and the strongly marked lines about his sunken cheeks, told plainly of suffering and sorrow. He clutched the loaf of bread with his attenuated fingers, and after weighing it carefully in his hand, placed it beneath his arm, and deposited the necessary per cent upon the counter. He turned towards the door, but as he gained the threshold, he turned round, and gazing sadly upon the offended Catalina, said, "Young woman, I had reason for my objection to the loaf you proffered; it was many months old—this, and I have too often experienced the want of bread to quietly resign my rightful quarry. I have three children waiting for me; they are pale and emaciated, and cadaverous, for hunger, dirt and disease, have long been their only portion, but they are my own flesh and blood, and my orphan boys are as dear to my heart, as you wish your bright beauty and sunny looks can be to your happy, wealthy friends. I was once—no matter what! I am now a beggar, and the very peace with which I purchased the loaf, were wrung by dint of painful supplication, from the unwilling hands of my fellow men. I have not another coin in the world to purchase even the coarsest relish, or to procure a candle that might delight my heart by seeing my boys devour their lumps of coarse, unuttered food. You see now why I required the largest, not the smallest loaf. What would your trouble have been in comparison with the value of an extra mouthful of bread for four hungry wretches who look to this loaf for the whole of their daily supply of food. Check then these paltry feelings of pride, which unfit you for the station you are bound to fill; you are blessed with health and comparative wealth, be grateful to your Maker, and do not insult him by exhibiting impertinence to your fellow creatures. You may one day be as destitute, as wretched as I am now."

The poor fellow vanished from the door way, and the sound of his shuffling footsteps faded into gradual nothingness before any of us had recovered from the effects of his forcible but unusual address. My hands instinctively clutched the silver coin at the bottom of my pocket, but before I could frame my speech, the man was gone. Mrs. Thorne first broke the silence and observed, "Poor man! only one loaf of stale bread for himself and his three children! If I had known it, I would not have taken his money."

"The impudent fellow called me young woman and no poverty can excuse such impertinence as that," said the proud, beauty, as with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks she dashed from the room, looking most pre-eminently beautiful though exhibiting this hateful deformity of mind.

Catalina Thorne, although not perfectly beautiful, possessed an attractive set of pretty features, a moderate stature, and a round and graceful form. Her head and bust displayed the usual characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty, but in her ornaments of pride, which were neither few nor far between, her fine light-blue eyes dilated with the stare of scorn; and her pretty, plump lips were screwed into a repulsive knot that completely hid her well formed pearly teeth. Catalina's smile was most enchanting, but the malignity and frequency of her frown destroyed, or at least considerably dimmed the effects of her glowing beauty.

Mr. Thorne's dwelling was opposite my lodgings, and I could scarcely help availing an observance of the family's proceedings. Catalina's brother, Shirley, was a pleasant companion in various fishing and boating parties, and the frank jollity of the father and hospitable attentions of the mother, rendered an occasional visit most agreeable. I will not deny that the beauty had, originally, a very strong inducing force to an intimacy with the baker's family, but the bitter pride and contemptuous bearing of Catalina killed the bud of love in its very germ; if indeed it had ever assumed a form and bearing even thus minute.

Shirley Thorne doated upon his sister; he forgave her haughty sneers and pettish temper with the affectionate regard of a fond, adoring lover and devoted friend. His earnings were appropriated to the purchase of trinkets and other articles of finery for his beloved Catalina; his hours of recreation were spent in her service, in conducting her to the various places of amusement in evening walks, or in listening to her performance upon the piano, which she touched with a skillful hand. It was needless to say that Catalina's parents regarded their daughter with a love of strong endurance—it amounted to positive adoration; and they paid a bitter penalty for their idolatrous worship.

Catalina's beauty attracted several beaux, for the capricious fair one, despite her pride, loved to sit in the shop and receive the compliments of the customers, and listen to the flattering remarks of the passers-by. But she revelled in the homage of her admirers, she ridiculed their pretensions and insulted their sentiments of esteem. An offer of marriage was certain to result in a contemptuous dismissal; and the proud beauty, holding her court in a baker's shop, gave the rest of her admirers to understand that she wondered how the poor cast off suitor could be so ridiculous as to imagine that she would degrade herself by becoming a tradesman's wife!

Public attention had been for some days directed towards the announcement of a grand Masquerade and Fancy Ball at the Opera house, and Catalina expressed a wish to enjoy the much vaunted festivities of the scene. Her parents endeavored to convince her of the impropriety of her wish, but her affectionate and experienced brother, bent upon the gratification of his sister's thoughts, purchased a couple of tickets, and indicated his intention of accompanying Catalina to the masquerade. Farther remonstrance, with their spoiled pets was out of the question; preparations were made, dresses were procured, and the parents contented themselves with requesting me to accompany their children to the place of pleasure, relying on my knowledge of London life as an efficient means of protection to their darling Catalina.

Nothing could be more exquisitely handsome than the appearance of Catalina, as she proudly strode along the immense saloon. She was richly attired, in exact imitation of a colored print representing Mademoiselle Mars *en robe*, and in the extreme difference between her smiles and frowns, strangely reminded me of that powerful artist. Catalina's blonde features and nut brown curls rendered the picture somewhat softer in its tout ensemble, but I doubt if the fascinating actress, even in her bright and palmy days, appeared to a greater advantage than my parvenu Catalina, the daughter of a London baker.

I must express that I felt proud of my companion, and enjoyed the admiration which her appearance excited. The simple minded Shirley was in raptures, and he gazed upon his lovely sister with an ecstatic smile which evinced his gratified love. Unable to join the quadrille, he stood aloof, but never removed his eyes from the mazy dance wherein his queenly sister moved.

I stood up with Catalina in the first set of quadrilles, and resigned her for the second, to the care of one of her beaux, who having heard of her intentions, had followed her to the ball. Harry Bruce was a good looking young fellow, sufficiently well to do in the world to enable him to get a wife, but too bashful to pop the question, although sufficiently bold among his fellow men; he was devotedly attached to Catalina; had never been connected with that object of her detestation—trade; and was generally supposed to be sure of her consent, although the hints of his numerous friends, and the kindly encouragement of the parents had been unable to induce him to venture the perilous avowal. He had beheld lover after lover dismissed for their temerity in declaring the object of their ambition, and he preferred the enjoyment of her society, and the privilege of paying his unacknowledged attentions to the chance of an abrupt discharge from the presence of his love.

While she was dancing with Bruce, I observed a man in the dress of a brigand—i. e. in the dress sanctioned by stage authority, which clothes a mountain bandit, a low peasant ruffian degraded to the level of an outlaw and a robber, in a velvet jacket bound with gold, and silk stockings crossed with fancy ribbon, instead of a jerkin of undressed goat skin, and leather leggings tied across with strips of raw hide—I observed a man in the dress of a brigand, leaning on his carbine, and attentively watching my pretty charge. There was a confident, nay, an impudent air in his manner that suited well enough with the character he had assumed, but enough with the character of her friends. Her brother had noticed the lascivious leer with which the stranger had gazed upon Catalina, and was on the point of resenting the insult in a summary way, but I did not check his impetuosity. Her partner, Bruce, also noticed the familiar and insulting gaze of the stranger, and in one of his moves in the dance, intentionally ran against the brigand, and jostled him from his stand. With a deadly scowl, he drew his

robber's knife, and menaced Bruce with an action of stabbing. The young man continued his part in the quadrille, but as he passed the brigand in the course of the next figure, he knocked the high crowned, riband braided hat from the robber's head. The fellow turned pale and glanced furtively around upon the company; he however forced a smile into his face, turned upon his heel, and walked to another part of the saloon.

At the conclusion of the quadrille, I hastened to Bruce and expressed my admiration of his conduct. Shirley also complimented him, but his firm and courageous behavior had been lost upon the heartless girl, who thought that the brigand had been ill used, "for the man had certainly a right to look."

I received from various acquaintances numerous requests for introductions to the beautiful queen, and favored many of the demands. During one of her temporary absences, a gentleman passed me with an open snuff box in his hand. I had been longing for a pinch, and laying my hand upon the Frenchman's arm, said, "Will you give me a pinch of snuff?"—but the old gentleman intent upon some distant object, passed on without noticing my application. Before I could turn round, the brigand appeared before me with a jewelled snuff box, which he presented to me with a graceful bow, saying, "shall I have the honor of offering you some snuff?"

I was annoyed at the man's interference, but it was impossible to refuse his offer, and in the course of a few minutes we were engaged in a lively conversation. I saw through his purpose and resolved to disappoint him; the quadrille ended and Catalina and her partner hastened towards me; disengaging myself from the brigand in the midst of a critical disquisition upon the relative merits of Aubrey and Adolphe, I made him a low bow, and took the disengaged arm of the fair queen, and strolled across the room. In the course of the promenade I encountered my friend Lozack; he joined us for a half a turn, and on our return stroll, we espied the brigand in earnest discourse with a tall, thin gentleman in a domino. It struck me immediately that I had seen the tall gentleman before, but I was unable to recollect where. "Lozack, you know every body; who is the tall man in the blue domino, talking to the brigand there?"

"A great reformer—writes elaborate essays in the weekly papers, famous for bad grammar and excess of vituperation against all existing powers. He has once or twice been suspected of forgery—has been tried for swindling; and has long since been kicked out of all decent association."

"Who is his companion, the brigand, there?"

"I know his face, but cannot say where. His whiskers bother me. Ha! I know that action, and yet I cannot be mistaken—he is from Paris, though an Irishman, he is a great scoundrel! He was detected picking a pocket."

As Lozack hurried from us, the object of my inquiries suddenly joined our party and taking me familiarly by the arm, desired the honor of an introduction to the fine girl under my wing. I was astonished at the fellow's impudence, and meditated publicly insulting him; but my anxiety for the safety of the inexperienced couple intrusted to my care, prevented the explosion. I formally declined the responsibility of introducing a stranger; he muttered a low curse—but checking his wrath, proposed adjourning to the refreshment room. This, also, I declined. At this moment one of the bands struck up a lively strain—it was a new German waltz, and a succession of couples dashed from the crowd and whirled around the ring formed in the centre of the magnificent arena.

"I must wait," said Catalina; "will you be my partner?"

I begged leave to decline.

"Bruce, you waltz?"

He confessed his inability.

"I must wait," repeated the beauty in the impetuous tone that she generally used to express her wishes.

"Permit me the grand pleasure to be your partner, said the brigand, with an insinuating drawl, and before I could interfere to prevent it, the self-willed girl had accepted his offer, and they were rapidly whirling around the ring.

I was annoyed. The man's excessive impudence in thrusting himself into an acquaintance with Catalina after I had refused him an introduction—his broken language, after I had heard him speak correctly both in French and English—Catalina's acceptance of his arm—Lozack's account of his character—combined to render my feelings anything but pleasant. At the end of the waltz, he moved rapidly towards the supper room with his partner, followed, but was unable to get near them in consequence of the influx of the supper seeking masqueraders who rushed in crowds to the possession of the tables. In vain I searched the room for the giddy girl and her questionable partner; the best part of an hour had elapsed before I was enabled to single them from the crowd.

"Catalina, it is late; had we better not retire?"

"I am engaged to this gentleman for the next set."

We promised not to be later than two o'clock. It has long since passed that hour, said I.

"Do not stay on my account; this gentleman has kindly offered to see me home—as Catalina offered this ill judged assertion, the villain grinned, and bowed. The music struck up a lively air, he then handed her from her seat, and they hurried to the ball room.

My outraged pride tempted me to resent this insult, and bring this affair to an instant conclusion. But I wished not to embroil myself in a quarrel with a man of doubtful character in a public room, and my delegated care of the thoughtless girl induced me to suppress my wrath, and follow her into the midst of the dancing throng. At the door of the supper room, I encountered Bruce and Shirley Thorne; they had been equally ill treated by Miss Catalina, and the young lover shortly left the theatre despite the remonstrance of the brother.

The broad light of a spring morning yellowed the haggard faces of the pleasure seekers, ere Catalina consented to quit the masquerade. Delighted with the vivacity and foreign air of her new admirer, she resolutely refused to leave his side, and as she sprang into the coach at the theatre door, said, "Monsieur Livrontique, we have room for you; and before I could interfere, the supple brigand was in the coach, and accompanied us to the residence of the Thornes.

The next day, while sipping my coffee at a late breakfast, I observed a dashing cabriolet drive up to the door of the baker's shop, and the brigand of the preceding night, handsomely apparelled in military dress, jumped from the vehicle, resigning the reins of the fiery horse to the care of a livery servant. In less than half an hour, the pretty Catalina was handed into the new cabriolet by her new beau, who resuming the reins, caused the horse to preterite various curvings previous to starting, much to the wonder of the "humble" neighbors, and the admiration of the baker and his wife.

I deemed it my duty to acquaint Mr. Thorne with the character of his new acquaintance, as delineated by my friend Lozack. The honest man seemed alarmed, but the mother evidently disbelieved my statements, and imputed my interference to jealous motives. She said his father was a French Nobleman.

The next day I encountered Miss Catalina, she cut me dead, as the fashionable Livrontique elegantly phrased her refusal to return my bow of recognition. Her brother became cool and distant; and the parents evidently avoided me; the French—sed beau had the field to himself.

I determined not to see the girl thrown away without another struggle to prevent it. I decided to confront Livrontique in public and boldly address him as if I knew his entire history.

An opportunity soon presented itself. I was walking down the Strand, and observed Livrontique's cabriolet and servant in waiting. I ascended the stairs, and discovered my gentleman parading the rooms with Catalina hanging on his arm. I encountered them, as if accidentally, and catching Livrontique by the hand, apparently, in the most friendly manner, pointed to some delineations of Irish scenery, and, in a loud tone of voice, "Monsieur Livrontique you were born in Ireland; is that view of the Wicklow mountains a correct portraiture?"

At this statement, the eyes of the surrounding gazers were turned upon the questioned man who confused and alarmed, was unable to answer my sudden demand. The fellow's confusion became extreme but rallying his nerves he stammered out in French that, "You are mistaken, I am a Frenchman."

"You have lived in Paris, said I; but you were so desperate a gambler, that you were kicked out of a decent gambling house!" The people around us tittered as the impostor was exposed.

Catalina raised her burning countenance and gazed with a scornful look on the detected knave; with a slight bow she placed her arm in mine and we descended the stairs; we were soon overtaken by Livrontique, who, dragging Catalina from my side muttered a few brief but impressive words. The poor girl glared horribly in his face; a deadly paleness overran her countenance, and she sunk cowering at his feet like a guilty child. He raised her; I offered assistance, but she shrunk from me, and with a wild despairing look accepted his hand, and suffered him to place her in his cabriolet.

The suspicions which this scene excited in my mind, were afterwards proved correct. I had exposed the scoundrel too late for Catalina to retract. She was his victim.

About a week afterwards I heard that they were married privately, no members of our family being present. In a short time my old friend Thorne was insolvent, owing to the extravagance of his son in law.

The career of Livrontique was short—he committed forgery, and was hung by the neck at the old Bailey.

Old Thorne never recovered the disgrace of his unexpected bankruptcy, and the stigma of his connection with the infamous Livrontique;

in consequence of which, and from the inexplicable nature of his accomplices the creditors refused to sign his certificate. He became seriously low spirited; he seemed ashamed to look his fellow men in the face; and, skulking in the dark corners of the tap rooms and parlors of the lowest tippling houses, cared not for the welfare of his children, or procuring the means of subsistence for himself and wife. But Mrs. Thorne with that superior energy of character so often exhibited by the weaker and inferior sex, as we men say, in our private speech, dashed the tear of regret from her eye, and went resolutely to work with the intent of procuring a living for those around her. Another shop was opened in the name of her son Shirley; and although their means were small, and their appliances of an humble and inferior grade, the lapse of a few weeks convinced them that common industry would supply the sources of all their moderate desires.

But Catalina—

Were I penning a series of imaginary events or depicting the peculiarities of characters existing but as creations of the brain, I might find it necessary to apologise for the apparent violations of probability in the following details; but I am merely narrating the positive measures of life—some of which, particularly the catastrophe, were given to the public at the time of action, but in garbled, and informal shape. I am describing the acts of a proud and petted child—of a beautiful but perverse girl, who had never been taught to check her own imperious will, or brook the language of reproach. I do not attempt to excite grand sympathies of the reader in behalf of the unfortunate Catalina; the nature of her misdeeds forbids the hope; and yet the man of observation and worldly experience will find more ground for an excuse in Catalina's conduct than can be discovered in the action of the sentimental, love-stricken heroine of the generally of the modern novels. A knowledge of the operative powers which influence the sad realities of life is an important but neglected branch of our domestic philosophy; The poet's line—"The child is father to the man" has become an adage, true as it is true, but we have never enforced a practical demonstration of its value. We spoil the sapling in its earliest germination, and find not our mistake till the branching of the immature tree betrays the rankness of the culture.

Catalina fondly believed the statements of her betrayer, and exculpatory account of his Parisian life; he confessed that he had gambled away a princely fortune, and supposed he had been suspected of connection with the house from the frequency of his visits. She believed that he was on the point of receiving an immense fortune and bore, with much pettishness the intermediate passage between the obscurity of a sojourner in lodgings, and the blaze of fashionable life, wherein she expected to conspicuously figure when Livrontique could afford to resume his station in the world. Her proud temper forbade her to associate with her plebeian parents; her brother was refused admittance—"the wife of a nobleman's son could not be visited by baker's boys."

Catalina was within a few weeks of becoming a mother when she heard of her husband's arrest on the eve of his trip to Bologne. The morning papers furnished her with a full account of his perfect villainy—of his numerous aliases, and the whole course of his dishonored life. The truth flashed upon her mind with conquering force; she knew that she had been deceived, and resolved upon resigning him to his fate. She refused his most earnest application for an interview; forbade her relations to bring a message or even mention his name; and when she heard that he intended to produce her as a witness at his trial she packed up her trinkets and a few of her richest dresses, and departed—no one could discover where.

Livrontique was condemned and executed, but Catalina sent no token to the man she had professed to love. Her agonized mother advertised her absence in the newspapers; and implored her quick return; her brother traversed the endless maze of London streets, and rapped at lodging-house doors, and private boarding houses and hotels, but found her not. Bruce, who with an honest love, had hastened to the family's assistance soon as he knew of their distress, assisted me in my inquiries at innumerable pawn-brokers, where we expected that the object of our search would be compelled to dispose of her jewels as a means of subsistence. We then called at the various coach offices, imagining that she might have journeyed into the provinces. We employed the keenest officers of the police to aid us in our search, but all in vain—a year elapsed—the crimes of Livrontique were forgotten by the public, but his wife returned not to her family.

The Thornes pursued their course with undeviation. The mother and the son found their business increase daily, and the father, contented his rounds of selfish indulgence. He was frequently led from a state of helpless intoxication; and more than once had been compelled to send to his son for the means of liberation from the watch-house, where the patrol had conveyed him from his sleeping place in the street. One morning the poor youth called on me expecting that I had some influence with the magistrate at a distant police office, whither

his father had been taken by a district constable, who, irritated at the trouble caused by the temperate man, seemed determined to press the case strongly against him; and Shirley was sadly afraid that his father would be sentenced to the tread mill as a confirmed drunkard. We jumped into a coach, and in an hour's time, stood in the centre of a disgusting and motley crowd that daily fills the area of a London police office.

I immediately despatched a card to my friend L—, knowing that in his capacity of leading police officer, his suggestions would more avail us than the pleadings of the most learned lawyer. The legal ignorance of the stipendiary magistrates of the London Police is proverbial; every question of law is referred to the clerk, and an experienced officer not unfrequently rules the destinies of both the innocent and guilty by a well timed wink or sneer, as his feelings or interests may prompt him to interfere.

The elder Thorne was placed at the bar and the constable, duly sworn, was about to make his charge. In my blandest and most insinuating tone, I requested the judicial potentate to give us half an hour's postponement—he whispered his clerk, who raised his head and stared rudely at me and my friend Shirley, but I turned his impertinent stare into a gratified smile by honoring him with a profound and deferential bow. By his advice, the delay was accorded by his worship. L—, shortly afterwards, entered the room; there has ever been "more than a feud—a strange antipathy" between the regular police officers and the parish constables. L—partook largely of this *esprit de corps*; and while the prosecuting witness gave in his evidence against the senior Thorne, indulged in scorching jokes upon his prowess in capturing, with the assistance of four watchmen, a respectable old gentleman who had taken a social glass, while they suffered a burglary to be committed in the same parish without interruption. His sneers turned the affair into ridicule, and the magistrate, fearful of participating in the contempt, ordered the prisoner to be discharged. Thorne, who had displayed the most dogged carelessness all the morning, heard the order with indifference, and neglected to obey the constable's mandate to remove from before the bar. During the latter part of his hearing, he had fixed his gaze upon a group of prostitutes, who, with brazen faces and painted cheeks, were huddled together in a corner, waiting their turn for appearing before his worship, for the purpose of answering the complaint of a nobleman who had lost his watch in the ladies' company at the celebrated house opposite Drury Lane Theatre. Thorne was pulled from the bar, and the girls were ordered to advance; as they moved towards the bar, the discharged intemperate stretched forth his arms, and shrieked aloud, "Catalina! my child! my child!"

He was answered by a shriek that seemed to pierce through the brain—and the gaudester dressed girl in the group, fell senseless to the floor.

By the kind interference of L— we were ushered into a private room connected with the police office. The rays of the sun, as they glanced obliquely through the heavily grated window, lighted up a strange and sadly sorted group. In the centre of the room stood the father, with the fire of awakening nature fully gleaming through the saddened lineaments of habitual sottishness; his soiled garments and blood shot eye told violently of the force of the last debauch; tears coursed down his bloated cheeks; and in attempting to check the fierceness of a hiccough, which this new excitement had aroused, he had bitten his lips so that the blood freely escaped from the corners of his mouth.

His son, Shirley, stood with me over the sofa whereon reposed the still unconscious girl, thus suddenly restored. The rogue which she had used to paint her cheeks on the preceding evening, remained in daubs and blotches upon her pale and sunken cheek; a slight discoloration girded one of her eyes; stains of lamp oil disfigured her gaudy silk dress;—and a profusion of false curls fell from her head, as her torn and showy bonnet was removed.

L—, with his fine form and benevolent face stood holding the door ajar, to receive the articles he had demanded of the housekeeper, for the recovery of Catalina, while the pert and meddling magistrate strutted busily about, with his hands in his pockets, his spectacles raised upon his forehead, and a pen behind his ear, asking, every variety of impertinent questions, and indulging in insulting observations. He seemed to rejoice in the event as something that relieved the dullness of his every day life. His clerk, the lawyer, very soon joined the party, when L— slipped out of the room.

I proposed sending for a coach, and removing the poor girl, who had recovered from the syncope, and was weeping profusely on her brother's neck, but his worship, who had been civilly repulsed in his inquiries relative to minutiae of the affair, resolutely refused to let her go, affirming that a serious and well sustained charge of robbery had been made against the lady and that justice must be dealt. I regretted the absence of L— but his foresight was exhibited in his immediate return with the nobleman who had been robbed; but who promptly denied that Catalina was in any way connected with the gang who had surrounded him in the saloon, and deprived him of his property.

"Still she was there at the time," said the magistrate, who had no notion of being beaten at every point; "she was in the room, and that makes her criminal—therefore I shall reman-

der till the day after to-morrow, to see if any fresh evidence may not be adduced which may further criminate her."

"In what can she be criminal, if there is no accuser?" inquired Shirley.

"Don't question me, sir," said the magistrate getting more terse; "don't question me; your friend refused to notice my inquiries, although I had but the ends of justice in view. How do I know what she may be—some of her companions may implicate her in her confessions—don't reply, sir, till I have done. The affair looks suspicious. I am not to be driven out of my course by a scream or by the big looks of a baker brother, or by the tears of a drunken father. If you say another word I'll commit her to jail for three months as a disorderly female—I can do it, sir."

"His worship is quite right," said L— in a low voice, and bowing to the magistrate as he spoke—"quite right; and though there is not so much as a constable's charge against the young woman, still he ought to do as he likes, even though the gentleman here declares that he has nothing to say against her. I always go for his worship, because I think its right, and that power ought to be supported. There was a case, where a lady with an infant in her arms was accused of swindling; well, nothing suspicious could be made out against her, and the prosecutor believed he was wrong, and offered to apologize. The lady's husband said something which his worship thought was rude, and he refused to discharge the lady or even to accept bail; and he was right, because power ought to be respected. To be sure, the lady's father served the magistrate with a mandamus, from the Court of King's Bench, which made him look rather foolish; but the lady's husband had her out by a writ of habeas corpus, before night. Still I say that Sergeant S— was right, although the inhabitants of his district petitioned the Secretary of State for his removal from the magistracy, and then the newspapers took it up, and he was removed in disgrace—still I say that authority ought to be respected."

"L—," said his worship, sensibly affected, "I thank you for this proof of your devotion, but in this instance I will be merciful, seeing that it is a case of deep distress. You may all go; I implore, I hope, with a sense of my benightedness in suffering the law to wink while the criminals escape."

To make my story shorter, as it seems determined to exceed all bounds, I may as well give Catalina's own account of her absence, as she detailed it to me soon after her restoration to her parents' arms.

"When I discovered how bitterly I had been deceived, I resolved to abandon the wretch to his well deserved fate. He had no tie upon me, for I was not his wife! I had trusted him, but in every instance he had deceived me—with passionate oaths and very solemn adjurations he had pledged himself to the truth of his avowal, but all were false, and I felt that I had been his tool, and not the object of his love. I did not dare to return to the home I had deserted with the presence of my betrayer and the robber of my father's means. I sought concealment in the abode of the woman who acted as our landress, and lived quietly upon the produce of my trinkets. I cannot attempt to explain the excess of hatred that filled my heart when I discovered the daily additional proofs of Livronique's rascality. I rejoiced in his conviction; I laughed loudly when I heard he was doomed to death; and so firmly was the purpose of my soul devoted to revenge, that I stood calmly in the wet and open street upon a cold foggy morning and witnessed the public death-struggles of my betrayer—of the father of the child which I then carried in my bosom."

"You shudder, and perhaps my language is repulsive, but it is the truth. You know how brightly the sunshine of life beamed upon me, but you cannot tell the rapturous felicity that I expected to enjoy in the high station devoted to Livronique's bride. Instead of 'ranking with the high-born dames of all the European courts,' as I had anticipated, I found myself the mistress of a convicted felon. With the plausibility of the arch fiend, he persuaded me to postpone the marriage ceremony till he could claim me 'gemmed with gold;' but he soon exacted the privileges of a husband, while he was preparing to escape to France with the proceeds of his plunder. Why then, should I not hate him! If the gallows rope had broke, I felt that I could have strangled him before the assembled multitude."

"My child was born, and I hated it from the moment of its birth, for it was his! Its cry touched my heart, and I snatched it to my breast; but its little features reminded me of my destroyer, and I insisted on its instant removal. I refused to let it approach me again; why should I suckle the child of my enemy? The child pined away; I saw its face wither and shrink beneath my gaze; it died, and I rejoiced. I would have died, too, if I could die peacefully in bed."

I became poor, miserably poor. My jewels and dresses were expended, and my landlady told me if I stayed with her I must work for my living. I left her house, and strolled about London in hopes of meeting with a more congenial employment than washing and ironing, or turning the heavy mangle. My pride revolted at the idea of work, but the force of hunger conquered my pride, and I accepted employment in several shapes, but with the like success. Needle work disgusted me by its requisite labor, and inferior pay, the manager of a theatre advertised for extra ladies to be employed in a new holiday piece; I applied, and was engaged, but was discharged at the rehearsal

for an impertinent answer to the stage director. I consented to work in a milliner's shop, for less wages than my mother gave to her house maid; and was dismissed with contempt, at the expiration of the first week, because I refused to sit at the same table with the errand boy and kitchen girl.

I next obtained employment as print colorer in the shop of a young and talented artist, who, I soon discovered, regarded me with an honest love. He was often at my side than at his easel, and preferred my little back parlor to his studio on the second floor. Our intimacy progressed rapidly enough; in the evenings we walked out together; but little time elapsed ere he made me an offer of his hand. He was industrious and good looking, but he was not rich—nor did I love him—but I have often thought if my pride had suffered me to accept his proffered hand, that I might have long enjoyed the comforts of domestic life. But my restless, ambitious spirit prompted me to select another sphere; and two days after the artist made the offer, I accepted the protection of one of his customers.

"You ask me why I preferred infamy with one to honor with the other; I will tell you. If I married the artist, I knew that I could never rise beyond a middling station in society, even if success rewarded my husband in his endeavors. On the other hand, I was sure of immediate plenty—of rich clothes and meek attendants—of flattery and servile friends, and other gay delights. Besides, my protector was of an ardent and sanguine disposition; he seemed enthusiastic in his admiration of my beauty; I soon discovered that he was rather weak in his understanding, and in the pride of his heart, I doubted not that I should persuade him to make me his wife, but I was deceived; a few months had scarcely elapsed ere he married a childish, pining piece of nobility; and I was thrown aside with his horses and greyhounds, as unnecessary in his newly formed resolves."

I will not hurt your feelings by delineating my gradual declension to the state from which I have been rescued. Do not pity me—I despise it—I despise myself, and God forgive me, I am tempted to despise the world and all it contains."

Catalina remained at home in strict seclusion and in a few weeks the dangerous beauty again manifested her rosy cheek and plump lips; her curling nut brown hair put forth its natural properties, and the quick vivacious eye, and swan-like neck, and graceful carriage exacted their full share of wondrous praise. A gloomy spirit it seemed to have cast its mantle upon her, but the slightest contradiction roused her temper, and threw down her wrath upon the offender. Her father, roused to action by the return of his beloved daughter, gave up his sordid habit, and assisted with patient labor in the increased business of his son. The gentle Shirley worked with renewed delight; the fond, adoring mother forgot her past griefs in the bright prospect of the present joy; and Bruce, with a constancy of affection that deserved a better object for his mark, became again the regular evening visitor, and signified a wish that Catalina would give him a right to be included in the family.

Three months had not elapsed since the restoration of the magdalen to her home, when I received the following letter from Catalina:—

"I have again left the home of my parents, for I cannot endure the sight of the misery I have caused. My mother's pale cheek is a constant reproach to me for my past crimes, and her glistening eyes are constantly fixed upon me with a gaze of wondering sorrow. My father and brother toil like slaves, and I am the cause. I have no companion, no society, for Bruce's pretended love is a bitter insult which he has no right to inflict. I cannot go out alone—I cannot enter the shop without being stared at by the neighbors who all seem to know my story. L—, who was present at the police office, you know when, has offered me a home. I quit my prison with delight, and leave you to tell my parents that we may not meet again."

Two nights after the receipt of this letter, the broken-hearted mother was taken dead from the river Thames: the father again flew to the bottle for relief, and attempted to drown sorrow in continual inebriety. His constitution sadly injured by his former excesses, soon gave way; he expired a drunken maniac, and was placed by the side of his wife, a few days after her demise.

The shop and fixtures were sold, and the proceeds were devoted, by Shirley, to defraying the expenses of the funerals. After all was settled, he called on me to say farewell; and in company with his friend Bruce, set forth, in hopes to meet with better fortune in another land.

The subsequent history of the wretched Catalina is one of so much infamy that I gladly draw a veil over its details. Suffice it to say that after a diversified career of about two years continuance during which she gradually sank lower and lower in the scale of vice, through the instrumentality she became an inmate of the Bethlehem Hospital, in Saint George's Fields, where she is lingering out a miserable existence.

That her fate may prove a warning to some self-willed and over-indulgent parents, I sincerely hope, and then the history of Catalina Thorne, THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER, will not have been told in vain.

The whale ship Vermont, of Poughkeepsie, has arrived at New York, after a cruise of fourteen months and ten days, bringing 2600 barrels whale oil, 200 sperm, and 20,000 pounds of bone,

MURDER AND ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

It becomes our painful duty to record one of the most foul tragedies on the long catalogue of human crime. In addition to the wickedness of our fallen natures, *RUM*, man's greatest curse, was employed as an agent in the bloody scene we are about to describe. We ask the indulgence of our readers and the public in this, our disagreeable duty, meaning to state nothing but the facts in the case, although we may mistake in some things as many rumors are afloat. The facts in the case, as far as we have been able to gather them, are as follows:

On Thursday night last, about 10 o'clock at night, two young men, Loyal Jourdon and Bemas Plumby, both residing in Rutland, one in the employ of Mr Reed, the other in that of Mr Beaman, obtained a bottle of Alcohol, and proceeded together to the house of a Mr Deming, who lived about a mile and a half from the village. On their arrival, Mr D. who had retired, a Frenchman, his wife and child, were also in the same room in which Deming and his wife lodged, there being but two rooms in the house; Deming got up, drank freely of the intoxicating beverage which Jourdon and Plumby brought with them, and a bargain was made that the two young men should have illicit intercourse with D's wife, whose abandoned character has been well known for many years. One of the young men succeeded in gratifying his lustful desires, when a quarrel arose between D. and wife, in relation to the division of the money. In the midst of the dispute Jourdon and Plumby made their escape, together with the Frenchman's wife—the Frenchman remained in the room and was a witness to the whole affair. The discord ceased. Soon, however, Deming got up, went to a trunk which stood near the bed where the Frenchman slept, took a razor therefrom, and returned to his wife, who was sitting on the foot of the bed. She was immediately heard to make a gurgling noise as tho' she was choked. The Frenchman enquired why he choked his wife, and went to the bed for the purpose of interfering in her behalf. As he approached the bed, she raised up, and by the light of the moon he discovered the blood flow down her breast. She sank down and expired instantly. At this the Frenchman made for the door, but was intercepted by Deming who swore he should not leave the room. It was at this moment the Frenchman first spied the razor which Deming held in his hand. Watching his opportunity, the Frenchman seized his child, sprang through the door by bursting it open, and made his escape into the street. Deming followed in close pursuit, bent upon murdering him if he came within his power. The Frenchman, after one or two turns in the street made his escape, and Deming returned to the house. The alarm was now given, and on entering the house Deming was found lying on his face in a swoon his throat horribly lacerated in different places, but not sufficiently deep to cause his death. He cut his wife's throat almost from ear to ear, then cut his own. Deming had so far recovered the next day as to be able to give an account of the affair—acknowledging his guilt, and expressing the conviction that he would have to suffer on the gallows for his crime. He was examined on Saturday, and committed to jail to await his trial at the next December court. There is not much doubt entertained of his recovery. The two young men had absconded.

Vermont Statesman.

INTERESTING LAW CASE.

The Athens (Tenn.) Journal has the following notice of an interesting case recently decided at that place by Judge Keith.

A Cherokee Indian confined by General Scott for improper conduct was brought before the Judge on a writ of habeas corpus, with a view of procuring his discharge. The case was argued at full length, and with considerable ability—on the part of the prisoner, by Judge Roane, of North Carolina, and J. F. Gillespie, Esq of Madisonville, Tennessee; in defence of the application, by General Scott, who appeared in person, and made his own defence, assisted, however, by Major Jarnagin, who was employed, we suppose, by the Cherokee authorities, to attend to any general question which might arise in the course of the investigation, involving the general interests of the Cherokee on the subject of emigration.

For the prisoner it was contended, first, that he was a citizen of North Carolina, because his ancestor had previously taken a reservation in that State under the treaties of 1817 and 1819; and, lastly, that he had been permitted by Gen. Smith superintendent of emigration, with the approbation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to remain in the country. On the other side it was contended that the prisoner was not a citizen and that the permission to remain was void, being in violation of the treaty of 1835—'36, and not given by the authority of the President of the United States. General Scott, moreover, claimed the right, and did, in the form, in the body of his return to the writ of habeas corpus, revoke the permission given to the prisoner to remain in the country.

Judge Keith determined, in substance, that the prisoner was not a citizen—that, by the terms of the treaty of 1835—'36, the Cherokees were bound to leave the country ceded, and the time having expired, the Government of the U. S. not only had authority, but were bound, to remove the Indians from the ceded territory; and that the judicial officers of the State possessed no authority to discharge from the custody of the officer charged with the removal of the Indians, the body of any prisoner legally taken in the execution of his order or in discharge of his official functions; and that the

permission to the prisoner to remain, if given, was void, no matter by whom granted, as no power existed in any officer of the Government to grant a permission to any individual in violation of the terms of the treaty.

STATE OF MAINE.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Augusta, Sept. 28, 1838.
To His Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of the Province of New Brunswick.

Sir—I have the honor to enclose to your Excellency a copy of a Resolve passed by the Legislature of the State of Maine, and approved by the Governor March 23d 1838, and also to inform you that the contingencies therein named not having occurred, and the Commission referred to not having been established, it became my imperative duty after the first day of September instant, to appoint suitable Commissioners and Surveyors for the purpose specified in said Resolve, and that I have appointed and commissioned John G. Deane, Milford P. Norton, and James Irish Esquires, as Commissioners; and William P. Penot, as Surveyor under said Resolve.

I have also the honor to inform your Excellency, that I have instructed the said Commissioners and Surveyor, to proceed to the Eastern Boundary Line of this State, and to explore and examine the country bordering on the same, and to ascertain how far any line of exploration or otherwise has been traced and marked toward the North West Angle of Nova Scotia as claimed by Maine and the United States, and to follow the same, examining the face of the country, streams, and ascertaining elevations—and to move on a due North Line towards the light of land, where is to be found the spot which we claim as the North West Angle of Nova Scotia—making careful observations of all facts relative to the character of the country, and bearing upon the question pending between the two Governments; and also in like manner tracing and examining the Northern Rivers falling into the St. Lawrence, from those falling into the Atlantic Ocean.

In short the object of the expedition is, to ascertain by examination upon the face of the earth, the actual facts, and the practicability of running and locating a due North Line, according to our construction of the treaty—and to obtain a topographical report of the country, particularly about the North West Angle of Nova Scotia.

The sole design of this Note, is to give to your Excellency the facts relative to the nature and object of the expedition under present instructions, that you may understand the exact state of the matter; knowing that there are many vague rumors and unfounded reports, on this subject, tending to mislead and deceive.

With great respect,
I have the honor to be,
Your most obdt Servant,
(Signed) EDWARD KENT,
Governor of the State of Maine.

Copy.
Government House, Fredericton, N. B. October 1, 1837.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by the hands of J. S. Little, Esquire, of your Excellency's communication of the 28th ultimo, enclosing the copy of a "Resolve," of the Legislature of the State of Maine, and informing me that you have appointed Commissioners and Surveyors under that Resolve, and have furnished them with instructions, of which your Excellency has been pleased to detail to me the substance.

After having seen the Resolutions adopted by the Congress of the United States on the 4th of July last, I confess I had not expected any further action on the part of the State of Maine, in reference to a question which is now in discussion between the two General Governments, with, as I firmly believe, a sincere desire to bring it to an early and satisfactory close.

Of the courtesy of your Excellency's communication, I beg you to believe that I am perfectly sensible; and when in reply thereto, I inform your Excellency, that I shall not deem it necessary to interfere with a mission, whose operations shall be confined to the purpose stated in your Excellency's Letter, namely obtaining (topographical information, it is incumbent upon me to add, that it will be my imperative duty, not to suffer any infringement of the possession and jurisdiction which Great Britain holds in the Territory in dispute until the question of Right is decided.

With great respect,
I have the honor, &c.
(Signed) J. HARVEY,
Lieut. Governor of H. B. Majesty's Province of New Brunswick.
To His Excellency Governor Kent, &c. &c.

From the Portland Standard.
POLITICAL TOLERATION.

There is an able article in the last number of the Democratic Review under the head of "political toleration"—and the subject is well worth the candid consideration of men of all parties. Many believe that violence is the true index of zeal, and that no man can be firm in his political views, without being wrought up to a high and constant paroxysm of excitement. Nothing can be more untrue and delusive than such an idea as this. Shallow streams froth and foam—the blustering, swagging and noisy politician, whose zeal overflows in gasconading and profanity, may draw a crowd about him, as a mad man or wild beast would, and from the same cause. But such men, having no well grounded principles—their politics being a mere matter of excitement—are the first to go over to

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the enemy—and the history of parties abundantly proves it. We have always found the soundest and staunchest politicians to be men, who, well satisfied and firmly grounded in their own belief, were of rather an unostentatious and quiet demeanor—who, contented with the persuasion and enjoyment of their own opinions and with a rational and decorous mode of spreading them, did not deem it necessary to make up by noise what they wanted in substance, nor to demonstrate their sincerity by the froth and foam of a mad man. There is always to be found in the close neighborhood of deep and sincere opinions, a certain justifiable toleration of the views of others. When anathemas are hurled and excommunications thundered forth for slight differences of views—they will generally be found to proceed from those whose confined and narrow intellects or selfish heart have not permitted them to reach that intellectual eminence from which the vast field of knowledge must be viewed. The narrowest minds are usually the most obstinate in prejudice and most tenacious of opinion, and believe nothing to exist beyond the contracted sphere of their feeble vision. Such men are impatient of contradiction and intolerant of the opinions of others—simply because they do not see enough of a subject to perceive that honest minds may differ. And if by chance, they catch a new and unthought of glimpse, carried away by the unexpected discovery, they abandon their former opinions, and advocate the new ones with the same violence and bitterness. True firmness must always be based on strong conviction—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it may be set down as an inflexible criterion that whenever their exists a strong proneness to violence & intolerance there is also to be found a want of firmness and a readiness to yield to the wiles of the enemy. Look at the desertions from the democratic ranks. Who were more violent than those who are now fighting in the foremost rank of the federal party? No! Let us not be deceived! Look at the principles—and men, only as we find them to be thoroughly established and well settled in principles they profess. Judgment, founded on such considerations, is alone safe.

GOV. KENT TALKING INDIAN.

That Gov. Kent is a very remarkable man, the people of this State have been as frequently informed as often as once a week, ever since the Legislature passed the Resolve which made him Governor. In all the eulogium which has been lavished upon this great man, we do not recollect to have seen it stated in any of the federal papers which have been engaged in this business of inflation that Gov. Kent could talk Indian. But a correspondent of the Argus furnishes the following specimen of the Governor's proficiency in this business, which is certainly worthy of preservation for its beautiful simplicity and happy conception of the Indian talk. Jam, kushut, wiz.

To Substant Neptune, and other Indians of the Passamaquoddy and St. John's Tribe, now at Old Town.

I write to you again, to say that I am satisfied it is time for you to break up and go home. The new liberty pole must not now be raised. Let it lay on the ground till Governor and Council meet and then all will be put right. Certain, I say true. If poles is raised Indian will fight, and I have one thousand guns and bayonets and I will send Sheriff and soldiers with guns and balls to take you all. Best way is for you to go home, and make no trouble. I will not have any fighting, and if you put up liberty pole, there will be, Indians say. I take no sides with either party, but if you will not mind me, than certain I send guns and men on the Island.

EDW. KENT.

The simplicity of language in which the foregoing epistle is couched, is only equalled by the baby talk which is used by fond mothers to their tender offspring, a specimen of which we subjoin, by way of contrast:

"Poor baby wants to tum to muzzy; tum Tanley and div muzzy a buif, dats a dood tild."

As His Excellency's back is soon to be burdened of all the ins and all the outs and all the cares of State, would it not be a good plan for the 'Young Men's Society for the Melioration of the Condition of the Indians' to secure his services as an itinerant Teacher among the Aborigines at Passamaquoddy. He might find better missionary ground than many of his political brethren who have been laboring in 'ignorant' Waterborough, as they termed it, or in the 'benighted regions' of Oxford and Waldo. *Saco Democrat.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

"After Washington and Franklin, there is no person who fills so eminent a place among the great men of America as Thomas Jefferson. His enemies have admitted the integrity of his conduct, and the unblemished consistency with which he acted upon the principles professed by him for upwards of half a century, marked by mightier changes and more perplexing difficulties than perhaps the history of nations ever before recorded; he was during the last twenty years of his public life, the recognized leader of the party which had effected the first, possibly the most remarkable of these revolutions, and the one that has had the greatest influence upon the fortunes of mankind. The only charges used against him, whilst engaged in State affairs, related to the vehemence of his Republican opinions. That he was a great man, and a great public benefactor, can only be denied by those whose prejudices of national or party animosity render blind to the merits of a Republican and an American."

"Thomas Jefferson was the author of that famous Declaration of Independence, the first and most glorious pillar of American liberty."

We verily think that this "Declaration" is the most important event in the history of the human family, whether its consequences be regarded on our side of the Atlantic or on the other.

"Our limits do not permit us to follow this great man through his brilliant career in the halls of legislation, at a foreign court, as Vice President and President, which conferred upon the United States the benefit of many of the most important improvements in domestic policy. After the calumnies of those whose power it overthrew had been forgotten, Jefferson's administration is admitted by all impartial men to be the one in which the country was most prosperous, and the Government throughout was administered the most constantly according to true Republican principles of the Federal Constitution."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Paris, October 23, 1838.

The returns of the elections in Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey are highly encouraging to the friends of democracy. From Ohio we have not yet heard and we have not much to hope from there. A fearful battle is soon to be fought in New York and the result is looked to with intense anxiety by both parties. Our opponents are sanguine of success, while our friends there are full of fear and hope. Thus far we have had much to encourage us in the elections that have taken place this fall. The people are aroused and beginning to understand the true nature of the question submitted to them. The violence and vehemence with which the federalists attacked the measures of the present national administration—the confidence with which they put forth their charges, and the unblinking assurance with which they charged all the pressure of the times, and all the evils endured to these measures, made the people pause until they could examine for themselves the truth of the charges and act understandingly upon the questions presented to them. Conviction and conversion are now everywhere at work among the people and we are witnessing their effects in the triumphs of the principles and measures of the administration. The Bank party are growing weaker daily, and every election furnishes fresh evidence that the people will not submit to be ruled by an irresponsible moneyed power. The plan of the Independent Treasury by which the money of the people is kept by the servants of the people and employed only for the purposes for which it is raised, is gaining ground in the affections of the people. Conservatism is becoming the shadow of a shade, and the "halfway house" to a national Bank will soon be deserted and tenanted. A party actuated by selfishness merely, and that of a pecuniary character, could not expect to find support among the people who look to the interest of the great whole. The arguments in favor of a National Bank have been refuted by the energy and enterprise of the people until its advocates find their last resort, the sufferings of the people, are falling them. Let the democratic party, therefore, use wisely and well the power which the people have entrusted to their hands, feeling the responsibility which rests upon them and anxious to justify it by directing their efforts with a single eye to the greatest good of the people.

MODERN FEDERALISM.

What must be the feelings of a man professing a regard to decency, not willing to be thought entirely destitute of patriotism, or to disregard the welfare of his country, who finds himself acting with a party whose main hope of success is in the calamities and distress of his country? Some of our opponents can perhaps answer. Had the distress continued—had not business revived, had not a good Providence blessed us with a bountiful harvest and a delightful season, federalism might still have flourished in this State. We do not suppose that our opponents wish for the distress of the country for the sake of enjoying its sufferings, or that they are opposed to its prosperity if they could govern its destinies, but as some of them have said, they want the people to suffer just so much as will induce them to abandon the support of the present administration. As in the last war we do not suppose they wished that the country should be subjected to Great Britain, but they could rejoice in the defeat of our arms if thereby the people of this country could be dissatisfied with the war, and thus be induced to desert and oppose the administration under whose auspices it was commenced. So now in order that their party may triumph they would be glad to witness distress and suffering among the people so far as would be necessary to drive them to join their party. Verily if they have changed their name the principles of the party remain the same.

It is stated that the next House of Representatives stands at present one hundred and nine democrats and seventy-four federalists—three districts yet vacant. The whole number 189.

From the Eastern Argus.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

OHIO OURS!

It affords us the greatest pleasure to state that there is scarcely a shade of doubt that the democrats have elected their Governor in Ohio, by a handsome majority, in addition to a gain of several Congressmen. The federal majority in the State in 1836 was 6045. In 51 Counties heard from the majorities stand, dem. 15,479—fed. 8,817—dem. majority 6,662—being a Democratic gain of 10,316.

Twenty-one Counties remain to be heard from. If the present returns should prove correct, (and we see no reason to doubt them) the democracy of this State have achieved a victory second to that of no State in the Union. There is, this day, a democratic net gain of three members of Assembly.

NEW JERSEY.

The democratic Congressional ticket proves to have been elected by the people, although it is now said the federal officers having charge of the votes have rejected—or will reject—enough to bring in the federalists by 95 majority.

The Newark federal papers state that the votes of several towns will be rejected for slight informalities in the returns. If this be the case, it will not avail the federal candidates in the end—for Congress will prove at the right of suffrage from the aggressions of corrupt federal

office holders, and give those their seats who received a majority of the votes cast by the people.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The returns are principally in—more than two or three counties to be heard from. Porter's majority will be about 10,000! The Journal of Commerce concedes a democratic majority of 12 in Assembly, and claims a small federal majority in the Senate—the democrats will have a majority on joint ballot. The Congressional elections—bating the third District, where there is a dispute whether Ingersoll or Naylor is elected—will, probably, stand as it did two years ago—that is, it will if the democrats have carried one district which they claim, but which the federalists put down as doubtful.

THE ONLY ISSUE.

The Democratic party advocates the policy of collecting the public revenue in the same manner, by the same officers and under the same regulations that it ever has been from the adoption of the Constitution until the present moment; and, when thus collected, they wish it safely kept in the "Treasury" of the nation, which by the Constitution was provided for that purpose, until it shall be paid out in discharge of the debts of the Government. And they ask no more revenue than is adequate to the economical expenditures of the General Government.

The opposition wish to have a surplus and the money deposited after collection in the vaults of banking institutions and private corporations with permission to loan it out, bank, discount and speculate upon it for their own benefit.

In a word, this is the true and only issue between the parties. Shall a revenue only adequate to the wants of Government be collected and safely kept in the National Treasury or shall a surplus be collected and given to the banks to use for their own benefit?—Chicago Democrat.

THE CROPS—THE MARKET.

A Correspondent at Kennebunk writes as follows:—The Wheat and Corn crops have this year been unusually good (though the State). Corn was never better. Mr. John Osborn, of Kennebunk, raised sound ripe Corn in his garden of the Virginia seed—twenty rowed ears—planted the 21st of May. The stocks of this Corn were at least fourteen feet high, and generally produced two full ears on a stock.

The Frontier (Calais) Journal says, that the weather, for some time past has been very favorable for ripening the productions of the earth. We are informed by a gentleman who travelled in several towns in the vicinity of this during the last week, that there had been no frost to injure vegetation—that vines were untouched by frost—that he saw strawberries in full bloom in the fields, and in some instances the berry was half grown—and that he saw green beans and peas fresh from the vines. Systematic farmers, the editor thinks, would find their account in farming establishments in the vicinity of Calais, where the various products of the farm at all times find a ready market, and high prices.

The flour and wheat arrived at the Hudson river, via the N. Y. canals, from the opening of canal navigation to the 30th Sept. were:

	Bbls. Flour.	Bush. Wheat.
In 1837,	370,584	160,205
In 1838,	598,050	376,866

Increase 1838, 227,466 flour 216,660 w. Estimating each five bushels when one bbl flour, the increase would be 270,798 bbls flour, or 67 per cent. over last year.

Flour.—Flour in New-York on Thursday last, says the Express, jumped up nearly half a dollar; holders asked \$9 and got it freely for good Genesee brands. Wheat was at an advance but no sales. Corn—large sales at 67c weight. Baltimore flour at N. Y. is 75c per barrel. Virginia Wheat was \$1.60c per bushel. Winchester Wheat, equal to 54s 3d per quarter, imperial measure.

The Southern Crops.—In Louisiana, it is said, the crops of cotton and corn are highly favorable. The cotton crop in Missouri has been much injured by the drought. It will be much less than last year.

The Foreign Crops.—The Steamer Royal William which arrived at New York on Wednesday, by which London dates to the 19th and Liverpool to the 20th Sept. have been received. The crops are coming in favorably. We make a few selections, below from English paper, relative to the prospect of the crops, &c. The Leeds Intelligence says: "The weather during the past week has been fine and dry, and the operations of the harvest have proceeded uninterrupted. The greater portion of the wheat harvest has been already gathered, and report speaks very favorable of the yield both as to quantity and quality."

British Ports open for Foreign Grain.—The Spectator of Sept. 15, says, that scarcity of food is now experienced by the bulk of the English people. Yesterday the average price having reached 73s and a fraction, foreign corn was offered duty free, this duty being only a shilling per quarter. It is stated that upwards of a million of quarters of continental wheat, in addition to the previous stock, have arrived in London within these few days.

The mulberry tree mania bids fair to outstrip the merino, or even the Eastern land speculation. One farmer in Old Hampshire county is said to have sold \$6000 worth of trees from an investment of \$1000. Another gentleman invested \$2500, and has sold \$20,000 worth

reserving 12,000 of his best trees! So says the Northampton Courier. People are mulberry mad, as were the Hollanders, when they paid \$1000 apiece for choice tulip bulbs.—N. H. Sentinel.

Thursday the 29th, of November has been set apart by the Governor of this State as a day of public Thanksgiving, prayer, and praise.—Proclamation in our next.

They have a hog in Indiana, 4 feet 2 inches high, 8 feet 9 inches long and weighing 1400 pounds. We have some "great hogs" down east, quite equal to that.

MARRIED.

In this town, by Rev. C. B. Davis, Doct. GEORGE B. RAWSON, of New Portland, to Miss EUSTICE F. MILLER, of this town.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connexion in business under the firm of

A. K. SHURTLEFF & CO.

and have taken the store formerly occupied by Mr. SAMUEL H. SEYMOUR, opposite the head of Central Wharf, Fore Street, where they offer for sale a good assortment of

W. INDIA GOODS & GROCERIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. ASHROSE K. SHURTLEFF, JOHN C. WARREN, Portland, Oct. 1, 1838. 3w10

NOTICE.

I hereby give public notice that I have discharged to my son, Cyprian Bowker Jr., all claims to his services or earnings until he shall arrive at mature age—and I shall not be responsible for his support.

CYPRIAN BOWKER.

Witness—JOHN M. BOWKER, Woodstock Oct. 16, 1838. *3w10

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. DANIEL PERCE, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John Peltrie, late of Hiram, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Fryeburg in said county, on the third Thursday of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and Testament of said deceased.

3w10 SEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the estate of

SIMEON RYERSON.

late of Paris, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Paris Oct. 16, 1838. WILLIAM WALKER. *3w10

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

DUDLEY PIKE.

late of Norway, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

Norway Oct. 16, 1838. NATHANIEL PIKE. *3w10

STATE OF MAINE.

House of Representatives, Feb. 5, 1838.

The Joint Select Committee to whom was referred an Order of Jan. 30th, directing them to inquire into the expediency of amending the statutes for the support and regulation of Mills, have had that subject under consideration, and respectfully

REPORT:

That the first statute in Massachusetts, altering the common law as to flowing, was passed in 1813, wherein the preamble recites "that it hath been found by experience that when some persons in this Province have been at great cost and expense for building of mills serviceable for the public good and benefit of the town or considerable neighborhood in or near to which they have been erected, that in raising a suitable head of water for that service, it hath sometimes so happened that some small quantity of lands or meadows have been thereby flowed and damaged, not belonging to the owners of such mills—whereby several controversies have arisen."

The evil, then, was that some persons owning small lots of meadow land stood in the way of erecting mills, which, in the then weakness of the country was a great effort, and a commendable public enterprise. The evil is now, that men in the lumbering business flow and render unproductive thousands of acres of good land, not their own.

Thus we see how a principle in violation of natural rights began in Massachusetts, which has descended to us in Maine like an hereditary disease. The same principle has extended to Rhode Island, and been adopted there to increase water power for factory purposes. In all the other Northern and Middle States, extending so far south as to include Maryland, Ohio, and Indiana, and also in South Carolina and Georgia, flowing remains at common law. In the other Southern States, flowing is permitted by statutes, but proceedings to authorize it precede the right to flow. After hearing all parties interested in proper cases, there, the Courts permit flowing setting forth in their decrees the terms and limitations.

The Constitution of Maine secures the right of acquiring and possessing property except that private property may be taken for public use, with just compensation. Here is a condition without which private property may not be taken. Hence in all practicable cases, orders of notice ought to be sent out, that all parties interested may come forward and shew cause why their property ought not to be taken, or to be heard on settling the just compensation. However it may have been formerly, any further increase of mills at this day stands about in the same relation as to public use with wharves, stores and hotels.

We are of opinion in the statutes authorizing one man, without a preliminary inquiry, to flow the land of another, is oppressive if not unconstitutional. Allowing the mill owner as he pleases to take into possession the land of another for his mill pond, throws the injured party into the false position of appearing to be a party disturbing the rights of others. This is one cause for the general failure of justice under the statute, on which have been many prosecutions, though many suffer who never prosecute. To purchase all the lands proper to be flowed would be generally far less expensive than the present state system of permitting the lands to be flowed first leaving to the owners only remedy by petition. After a tedious controversy to settle the damages, it commonly happens that both parties are dissatisfied. This has a tendency to bring disrespect upon our system of administering justice. Time has wrought such changes that not to promote Agriculture is more a public benefit than to encourage the increase of mills. As in so many States, embracing much more than half the Union, no statutes as to flowing have been adopted, it would seem safe to return to the common law here, relying on time to point out proper remedies for any evils that may arise. Such has been the oppressive practice under the flowing provisions, and such difficulties have been experienced in the attempts to obtain justice under them, that in the cases that now exist it is fair to presume that the injured land owners would submit to any reasonable terms that the mill owners may offer.

Generally, the mill owners being active and wealthy or commanding resources by their enterprise and credit have disregarded and triumphed over the more humble cultivators of the soil. In some instances poor men owning poor mills have done great mischief. In other cases failures occur and the mills are assigned, so that all damages in arrears are lost. All damages are lost where either party dies before the final judgment as the statutes make no provision that the process shall survive. Sometimes the occupants are poor and the remedy lost when the owners cannot be ascertained, or do not live within the jurisdiction of the Court. Insolvent owners may occupy, having mortgaged their mills for all they are worth. The present right to flow, holds in great danger of destruction large tracts of valuable live timber. Such soils contain so much fibrous and woody matter that in dry seasons, very heavy fires may burn and ruin the soil as well as the dead timber.

Spring freshets deposit much fertility on low intervals. To encourage the draining and improvement of such lands is good policy. Lowering the water level but a few inches, where the stream is like a canal drain through a tract of meadow land, will make the surface soil on the whole meadow, essentially drier and better adapted for grasses than from a firm sword. At a light expense for drainage in that way, lands too wet will become firm, which before seemed a perfect mire. At the outlet of such tracts naturally collect in the stream obstructions easily removed where no advantage is taken to flow and keep up the head water. During a controversy to settle the damages the right to flow and so prevent all fair chance to examine the facilities for draining, operates oppressively upon the owners of the land flowed.

It is not correct policy to destroy good land to increase water power in a country where a great amount of water power runs to waste. During the proper season of the year it would be well to divert to agriculture a greater proportion of the labor devoted to lumbering, and to sow less when we ought to sow and plant. There need be no fear but we can saw all the logs and timber to be had. The difficulty is to raise enough of grain and grass.

While the temperature is too cold for vegetation, say from late in October to early in May, flowing is a benefit, hence a security for consent as to that portion of the year.

There being much land highly productive naturally, or capable of being made so, injured by flowing, your Committee are of opinion that the provisions of our Statutes on that subject ought to be repealed or modified and report a Bill herewith submitted.

THOS SAWYER, JR., Chairman.

STATE OF MAINE.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight.

An Act in addition to an Act entitled an Act for the support and regulation of Mills.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives assembled, That all the sections from section first to section eleventh, both inclusive of an Act approved February eight, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one, entitled an Act for the support and regulation of Mills, and an Act additional thereto, approved February fourteen, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, be repealed, to take effect from and after the tenth day of May next, provided nevertheless, that the same remain in force, for the recovery of damages incurred before that time, as though this Act had not passed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Feb. 10, 1838.

Read and referred to the next Legislature, and with the accompanying Report, Ordered to be printed in the public papers.

Sent up for concurrence.

E. H. ALLEN, Speaker.

Read and concurred.

N. S. LITTLEFIELD, President.

Copy Attest, WILLIAM TRAFLET,

Secretary of the Senate.

his father had been taken by a district constable, who, irritated at the trouble caused by the intemperate man, seemed determined to press the case strongly against him; and Shirley was sadly afraid that his father would be sentenced to the treadmill as a confirmed drunkard. We jumped into a coach, and in an hour's time, stood in the centre of a disgusting and motley crowd that daily fills the area of a London police office.

I immediately despatched a card to my friend L., knowing that in his capacity of leading police officer, his suggestions would more avail us than the pleadings of the most learned lawyer. The legal ignorance of the stipendiary magistrates of the London Police is proverbial; every question of law is referred to the clerk, and an experienced officer not unfrequently rules the destinies of both the innocent and guilty by a well timed wink or sneer, as his feelings or interests may prompt him to interfere.

The elder Thorne was placed at the bar and the constable, duly sworn, was about to make his charge. In my blandest and most insinuating tone, I requested the judicial potentate to give us half an hour's postponement—he whispered his clerk, who raised his head and stared rudely at me and my friend Shirley, but I turned his impudent stare into a grateful smile by honoring him with a profound and deferential bow. By his advice, the delay was accorded by his worship. L., shortly afterwards, entered the room; there has ever been "more than a feud—a strange antipathy" between the regular police officers and the parish constables. L. partook largely of this *esprit de corps*; and while the prosecuting witness gave in his evidence against the senior Thorne, indulged in scorching jokes upon his prowess in capturing, with the assistance of four watchmen, a respectable old gentleman who had taken a social glass, while they suffered a burglary to be committed in the same parish without interruption. His sneers turned the affair into ridicule, and the magistrate, fearful of participating in the contempt, ordered the prisoner to be discharged. Thorne, who had displayed the most dogged carelessness all the morning, heard the order with indifference, and neglected to obey the constable's mandate to remove from before the bar. During the latter part of his hearing, he had fixed his gaze upon a group of prostitutes, who, with brazen faces and painted cheeks, were huddled together in a corner, waiting their turn for appearing before his worship, for the purpose of answering the complaint of a nobleman who had lost his watch in the ladies' company at the celebrated house opposite Drury Lane Theatre. Thorne was pulled from the bar, and the girls were ordered to advance; as they moved towards the bar, the discharged intemperate stretched forth his arms, and shrieked aloud, "Catalina! my child! my child!"

He was answered by a shriek that seemed to pierce through the brain—and the gaudest dressed girl in the group, fell senseless to the floor. By the kind interference of L., we were ushered into a private room connected with the police office. The rays of the sun, as they glanced obliquely through the heavily grated window, lighted up a strange and sadly sorted group. In the centre of the room stood the father, with the fire of awakening nature fitfully gleaming through the saddened lineaments of habitual slothfulness; his soiled garments and blood shot eye told violently of the force of the last debauch; tears coursed down his bloated cheeks; and in attempting to check the fierceness of a hiccup, which this new excitement had aroused, he had bitten his lips so that the blood freely escaped from the corners of his mouth. His son, Shirley, stood with me over the sofa whereon reposed the still unconscious girl, thus suddenly restored. The rogue which she had used to paint her cheeks on the preceding evening, remained in daubs and blotches upon her pale and sunken cheek; a slight discoloration girded one of her eyes; stains of lamp oil disfigured her gaudy silk dress; and a profusion of false curls fell from her head, as her torn and showy bonnet was removed.

L., with his fine form and benevolent face stood holding the door ajar, to receive the articles he had demanded of the housekeeper, for the recovery of Catalina, while the pert and meddling magistrate strutted busily about, with his hands in his pockets, his spectacles raised upon his forehead, and a pen behind his ear, asking every variety of impertinent questions, and indulging in insulting observations. He seemed to rejoice in the event as something that relieved the dullness of his every day life. His clerk, the lawyer, very soon joined the party, when L. slipped out of the room.

I proposed sending for a coach, and removing the poor girl, who had recovered from the syncope, and was weeping profusely on her brother's neck, but his worship, who had been civilly repulsed in his inquiries relative to minute of the affair, resolutely refused to let her go, affirming that a serious and well sustained charge of robbery had been made against the lady and that justice must be dealt. I regretted the absence of L., but his foresight was exhibited in his immediate return with the nobleman who had been robbed; but who promptly denied that Catalina was in any way connected with the gang who had surrounded him in the saloon, and deprived him of his property.

"Still she was there at the time," said the magistrate, who had no notion of being beaten at every point; "she was in the room, and that makes her criminal—therefore I shall remand her till the day after to-morrow, to see if any fresh evidence may not be adduced which may further criminate her."

"In what can she be criminal, if there is no accuser?" inquired Shirley.

"Don't question me, sir," said the magistrate getting more irate; "don't question me; your friend refused to notice my inquiries, although I had but the ends of justice in view. How do I know what she may be—some of her companions may implicate her in her confessions—don't reply, sir, till I have done. The affair looks suspicious. I am not to be driven out of my course by a scream or by the big looks of a baker's brother, or by the tears of a drunken father. If you say another word I'll commit her to jail for three months as a disorderly female—I can do it, sir."

"His worship is quite right," said L. in a low voice, and bowing to the magistrate as he spoke—"quite right; and though there is not so much as a constable's charge against her, even though the gentleman here declares that he has nothing to say against her. I always go for his worship, because I think it right, and that power ought to be supported. There was Sergeant S., who refused bail in a bailable case, where a lady with an infant in her arms was accused of swindling; well, nothing the prosecutor believed he was wrong, and offered to apologize. The lady's husband said something which his worship thought was rude, and he refused to discharge the lady or even to accept bail; and he was right, because power ought to be respected. To be sure, the lady's father served the magistrate with a mandamus, from the Court of King's Bench, which made him look rather foolish; but the lady's husband had her out by a writ of habeas corpus, before night. Still I say that Sergeant S. was right, although the inhabitants of his district petitioned the Secretary of State for his removal from the magistracy, and then the newspapers took it up, and he was removed in disgrace—still I say that authority ought to be respected."

"L., said his worship, sensibly affected, "I thank you for this proof of your devotion, but in this instance I will be merciful, seeing that it is a case of deep distress. You may all go; impressed, I hope, with a sense of my benignity in suffering the law to wink while the criminal escapes."

To make my story shorter, as it seems determined to exceed all bounds, I may as well give Catalina's own account of her absence, as she detailed it to me soon after her restoration to her parents' arms.

"When I discovered how bitterly I had been deceived, I resolved to abandon the wretch to his well deserved fate. He had no tie upon me, for I was not his wife! I had trusted him, but in every instance he had deceived me, with passionate oaths and very solemn assurances he had pledged himself to the truth of his avowal, but all were false, and I felt that I had been his tool, and not the object of his love. I did not dare to return to the home I had desecrated with the presence of my betrayer and the robber of my father's means. I sought concealment in the abode of the woman who acted as our landress, and lived quietly upon the produce of my trinkets. I cannot attempt to explain the excess of hatred that filled my heart when I discovered the daily additional proofs of Livronique's rascality. I rejoiced in his conviction; I laughed loudly when I heard he was doomed to death; and so firmly was the purpose of my soul devoted to revenge, that I stood calmly in the wet and open street upon a cold foggy morning and witnessed the public death-struggles of my betrayer—the father of the child which I then carried in my bosom."

"You shudder, and perhaps my language is repulsive, but it is the truth. You know how brightly the sunshine of life beamed upon me, but you cannot tell the rapturous felicity that I expected to enjoy in the high station devoted to Livronique's bride. Instead of ranking with the high-born dames of all the European courts, as I had anticipated, I found myself the mistress of a convicted felon. With the plausibility of the arch fiend, he persuaded me to postpone the marriage ceremony till he could claim me 'gemmed with gold'; but he soon exacted the privileges of a husband, while he was preparing to escape to France with the proceeds of his plunder. Why then, should I not hate him! If the gallows rope had broke, I felt that I could have strangled him before the assembled multitude."

"My child was born, and I hated it from the moment of its birth, for it was his! Its cry touched my heart, and I snatched it to my breast; but its little features reminded me of my destroyer, and I insisted on its instant removal. I refused to let it approach me again; why should I suckle the child of my enemy? The child pined away; I saw its face wither and shrink beneath my gaze; it died, and I rejoiced. I would have died, too, if I could die peacefully in bed."

I became poor, miserably poor. My jewels and dresses were expended, and my landlady told me if I stayed with her I must work for my living. I left her house, and stroled about London in hopes of meeting with a more congenial employment than washing and ironing, or turning the heavy mangle. My pride revolted at the idea of work, but the force of hunger conquered my pride, and I accepted employment in several shapes, but with the like success. Needle work disgusted me by its requisite labor, and interior pay, the manager of a theatre advertised for extra ladies to be employed in a new holiday piece; I applied, and was engaged, but was discharged at the rehearsal for an impertinent answer to the stage director. I consented to work in a milliner's shop, for less wages than my mother gave to her house maid; and was dismissed with contempt, at the expiration of the first week, because I refused to sit at the same table with the errand boy and kitchen girl.

I next obtained employment as print colorist in the shop of a young and talented artist, who, I soon discovered, regarded me with an honest love. He was often at my side than at his easel, and preferred my little back parlor to his studio on the second floor. Our intimacy progressed rapidly enough; in the evenings we walked out together; but little time elapsed ere he made me an offer of his hand. He was industrious and good looking, but he was not rich if my pride had suffered me to accept his proffered hand, that I might have long enjoyed the comforts of domestic life. But my restless, ambitious spirit prompted me to select another sphere; and two days after the artist made the offer, I accepted the protection of one of his customers.

You ask me why I preferred infamy with one to honor with the other; I will tell you. If I married the artist, I knew that I could never rise beyond a middling station in society, even if success rewarded my husband in his endeavors. On the other hand, I was sure of immediate plenty—of rich clothes and meek attendants—of flattery and servile friends, and other gay delights. Besides, my protector was of an ardent and sanguine disposition; he seemed enthusiastic in his admiration of my beauty; I soon discovered that he was rather weak in his understanding, and in the pride of my heart, I doubted not that I should persuade him to make me his wife, but I was deceived; a few months had scarcely elapsed ere he married a childish, pining piece of nobility; and I was thrown aside with his horses and greyhounds, as unnecessary in his newly formed resolves.

I will not hurt your feelings by delineating my gradual declination to the state from which I have been rescued. Do not pity me—I despise it—I despise myself, and God forgive me, I am tempted to despise the world and all it contains."

Catalina remained at home in strict seclusion and in a few weeks the dangerous beauty again wanted her rosy cheek and plump lips; her curling nut brown hair put forth its natural properties, and the quick vivacious eye, and swanlike neck, and graceful carriage exacted their full share of wondrous praise. A gloomy spirit seemed to have cast its mantle upon her, but the slightest contradiction roused her temper, and she threw down her wrath upon the offender. Her father, roused to action by the return of his beloved daughter, gave up his sordid habit, and assisted with patient labor in the increased business of his son. The gentle Shirley worked with renewed delight; the fond, adoring mother forgot her past griefs in the bright prospect of the present joy; and Bruce, with a constancy of affection that deserved a better object for its mark, became again the regular evening visitor, and signified a wish that Catalina would give him a right to be included in the family.

Three months had not elapsed since the restoration of the magdalen to her home, when I received the following letter from Catalina:—

"I have again left the home of my parents, for I cannot endure the sight of the misery I have caused. My mother's pale cheek is a constant reproach to me for my past crimes, and her glistening eyes are constantly fixed upon me with a gaze of wondering sorrow. My father and brother toil like slaves, and I am the cause. I have no companion, no society, for Bruce's pretended love is a bitter insult which he has no right to inflict. I cannot go out alone—I cannot enter the shop without being stared at by the neighbors who all seem to know my story. L., who was present at the police office, you know when, has offered me a home. I quit my prison with delight, and leave you to tell my parents that we may not meet again."

Two nights after the receipt of this letter, the broken-hearted mother was taken dead from the river Thames; the father again flew to the bottle for relief, and attempted to drown sorrow in continual inebriety. His constitution sadly injured by his former excesses, soon gave way; he expired a drunken maniac, and was placed by the side of his wife, a few days after her demise.

The shop and fixtures were sold, and the proceeds were devoted, by Shirley, to defraying the expenses of the funerals. After all was settled, he called on me to say farewell; and in company with his friend Bruce, set forth, in hopes to meet with better fortune in another land.

The subsequent history of the wretched Catalina is one of so much infamy that I gladly draw a veil over its details. Suffice it to say that after a diversified career of about two years continuance during which she gradually sunk lower and lower in the scale of vice, through my instrumentality she became an inmate of the Bethlehem Hospital, in Saint George's Fields, where she is lingering out a miserable existence.

That her fate may prove a warning to some self-willed and over-indulgent parents, I sincerely hope, and then the history of Catalina Thorne, THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER, will not have been told in vain.

The whale ship Vermont, of Poughkeepsie, has arrived at New York, after a cruise of four months and ten days, bringing 2600 barrels whale oil, 200 sperm, and 20,000 pounds of bone.

MURDER AND ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

It becomes our painful duty to record one of the most foul tragedies on the long catalogue of human crime. In addition to the wickedness of our fallen natures, *RUM*, man's greatest curse, was employed as an agent in the bloody scene we are about to describe. We ask the indulgence of our readers and the public in this, our disagreeable duty, meaning to state nothing but the facts in the case, although we may mistake in some things as many rumors are afloat. The facts in the case, as far as we have been able to gather them, are as follows:—

On Thursday night last, about 10 o'clock at night, two young men, Loyal Jourdon and Benas Plumby, both residing in Rutland, one in the employ of Mr Reed, the other in that of Mr Beaman, obtained a bottle of Alcohol, and proceeded together to the house of a Mr Deming, who lived about a mile and a half from the village. On their arrival, Mr D. who had retired, a Frenchman, his wife and child, were also in the same room in which Deming and his wife lodged, there being but two rooms in the house. Deming got up, drank freely of the intoxicating beverage which Jourdon and Plumby brought with them, and a bargain was made that the two young men should have illicit intercourse with D.'s wife, whose abandoned character has been well known for many years. One of the young men succeeded in gratifying his lustful desires, when a quarrel arose between D. and wife, in relation to the division of the money. In the midst of the dispute Jourdon and Plumby made their escape, together with the Frenchman's wife—the Frenchman remained in the room and was a witness to the whole affair. The discord ceased. Soon, however, Deming got up, went to a trunk which stood near the bed where the Frenchman slept, took a razor therefrom, and returned to his wife, who was sitting on the foot of the bed. She was immediately heard to make a gurgling noise as tho' she was choked. The Frenchman enquired why he choked his wife, and went to the bed for the purpose of interfering in her behalf. As he approached the bed, she raised up, and by the light of the moon he discovered the blood flow down her breast. She sank down and expired instantly. At this the Frenchman made for the door, but was intercepted by Deming who swore he should not leave the room. It was at this moment the Frenchman first spied the razor which Deming held in his hand. Watching his opportunity, the Frenchman seized his child, sprang through the door by bursting it open, and made his escape into the street. Deming followed in close pursuit, bent upon murdering him if he came within his power. The Frenchman, after one or two turns in the street made his escape, and Deming returned to the house. The alarm was now given, and on entering the house Deming was found lying on his face in a swoon his throat horribly lacerated in different places, but not sufficiently deep to cause his death. He cut his wife's throat almost from ear to ear, then cut his own. Deming had so far recovered the next day as to be able to give an account of the affair—acknowledging his guilt, and expressing the conviction that he would have to suffer on the gallows for his crime. He was examined on Saturday, and committed to jail to await his trial at the next December court. There is not much doubt entertained of his recovery. The two young men had absconded.

Vermont Statesman.

INTERESTING LAW CASE.

The Athens (Tenn.) Journal has the following notice of an interesting case recently decided at that place by Judge Keith:—

A Cherokee Indian confined by General Scott for improper conduct was brought before the Judge on a writ of habeas corpus, with a view of procuring his discharge. The case was argued at full length, and with considerable ability—on the part of the prisoner, by Judge Roane, of North Carolina, and J. F. Gillespie, Esq of Madisonville, Tennessee; in defence of the application, by General Scott, who appeared in person, and made his own defence, assisted, we suppose, by the Cherokee authorities, to attend to any general question which might arise in the course of the investigation, involving the general interests of the Cherokee on the subject of emigration. For the prisoner it was contended, first, that he was a citizen of North Carolina, because his ancestor had previously taken a reservation in that State under the treaties of 1817 and 1819; and, lastly, that he had been permitted by Gen. Smith superintendent of emigration, with the approbation of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, to remain in the country. On the other side it was contended that the prisoner was not a citizen and that the permission to remain was void, being in violation of the treaty of 1835—'36, and not given by the authority of the President of the United States. General Scott, moreover, claimed the right, and did, in the form, in the body of his return to the writ of habeas corpus, revoke the permission given to the prisoner to remain in the country. Judge Keith determined, in substance, that the prisoner was no citizen—that, by the terms of the treaty of 1835—'36, the Cherokees were bound to leave the country ceded, and thenceforward they themselves to remove, having expired, the Government of the U. S. not only had authority, but were bound, to remove the Indians from the ceded territory; and that the judicial officers of the State possessed no authority to discharge from the custody of the officer charged with the removal of the Indians, the body of any prisoner legally taken in the execution of his order or in discharge of his official functions; and that the

permission to the prisoner to remain, if given, was void, no matter by whom granted, as no power existed in any officer of the Government to grant a permission to any individual in violation of the terms of the treaty.

STATE OF MAINE.

Copy. EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Augusta, Sept. 28, 1838. To His Excellency Major General Sir John Harvey, Lieut. Governor of the Province of New Brunswick.

Sir,—I have the honor to enclose to your Excellency a copy of a Resolve passed by the Legislature of the State of Maine, and approved by the Governor March 23d 1838, and also to inform you that the contingencies therein named not having occurred, and the Commission referred to not having been established, it became my imperative duty after the first day of September instant, to appoint suitable Commissioners and Surveyors for the purpose specified in said Resolve, and that I have appointed and commissioned John G. Denne, Alfred P. Norton, and James Irish Esquires, as Commissioners; and William P. Panolt, as Surveyor under said Resolve.

I have also the honor to inform your Excellency, that I have instructed the said Commissioners and Surveyor, to proceed to the Eastern Boundary Line of this State, and to explore and examine the country bordering on the same, and to ascertain how far any line of exploration or otherwise has been traced and marked toward the North West Angle of Nova Scotia as claimed by Maine and the United States, and to follow the same, examining the face of the country, streams, and ascertaining elevations—and to move on a due North Line towards the light of land, where is to be found the spot which we claim as the North West Angle of Nova Scotia—making careful observations of all facts relative to the character of the country, and bearing upon the question pending between the two Governments; and also in like manner tracing and examining the Northern Rivers falling into the St. Lawrence, from those falling into the Atlantic Ocean.

In short the object of the expedition is, to ascertain by examination upon the face of the earth, the actual facts, and the practicability of running and locating a due North Line, according to our construction of the treaty—and to obtain a topographical report of the country, particularly about the North West Angle of Nova Scotia.

The sole design of this Note, is to give to your Excellency the facts relative to the nature and object of the expedition under present instructions, that you may understand the exact state of the matter; knowing that there are many vague rumors and unfounded reports, on this subject, tending to mislead and deceive.

With great respect, I have the honor to be, Your most obdt. Servant, EDWARD KENT, Governor of the State of Maine.

Copy. Government House, Fredericton, N. B. October 1, 1837.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by the hands of J. S. Little, Esquire, of your Excellency's communication of the 23d ultimo, enclosing the copy of a "Resolve," of the Legislature of the State of Maine, and informing me that you have appointed Commissioners and Surveyors under that Resolve, and have furnished them with instructions, of which your Excellency has been pleased to detail to me the substance.

After having seen the Resolutions adopted by the Congress of the United States on the 4th of July last, I confess I had not expected any further action on the part of the State of Maine, in reference to a question which is now in discussion between the two General Governments, with, as I firmly believe, a sincere desire to bring it to an early and satisfactory close.

Of the courtesy of your Excellency's communication, I beg you to believe that I am perfectly sensible; and when in reply thereto, I inform your Excellency, that I shall not deem it necessary to interfere with a mission, whose operations shall be confined to the purpose stated in your Excellency's Letter, namely obtaining topographical information, it is incumbent upon me to add, that it will be my imperative duty, not to suffer any infringement of the possession and jurisdiction which Great Britain holds in the Territory in dispute until the question of Right is decided.

With great respect, I have the honor, &c. (Signed,) J. HARVEY, Lt. Governor of H. B. Majesty's Province of New Brunswick. To His Excellency Governor Kent, &c. &c.

From the Portland Standard. POLITICAL TOLERATION.

There is an able article in the last number of the Democratic Review under the head of "Political toleration"—and the subject is well worth the candid consideration of men of all parties. Many believe that violence is the true index of zeal, and that no man can be firm in his political views, without being wrought up to a high and constant paroxysm of excitement. Nothing can be more untrue and delusive than such an idea as this. Shallow streams froth and foam—but the ocean swells in the storm and tempest. The blustering, swaggering and noisy politician, whose zeal overflows in gasconading and profanity, may draw a crowd about him, as a mad man or wild beast would, and from the same cause. But such men, having no well grounded principles—their politics being a mere matter of excitement—are the first to go over to

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"Thomas Jefferson was the author of that famous *Declaration of Independence*, the first and most glorious pillar of American liberty,—

The Newark federal papers state that the votes of several towns will be rejected for slight informalities in the returns. In this be the case it will not avail the federal candidates in the end—for Congress will protest at the right of suffrage from the aggressions of a corrupt federal

The mulberry tree mania bids fair to outstrip the merino, or even the Eastern land speculation. One farmer in Old Hampshire county is said to have sold \$6000 worth of trees from an investment of \$1000. Another gentleman invested \$2500, and has sold \$20,000 worth.

interested may come forward and shew cause why their property ought not to be taken, or be heard on settling the just compensation. However it may have been formerly, any further increase of mills at this day stands about the same relation as to public use with wharves, stores and hotels.

N. S. LITTLEFIELD, President.
Copy Attest, WILLIAM TRAFTON,
Secretary of the Board.

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